Unmuted.

The Quiet Part Out Loud

In 2023, I nearly died. That's not an exaggeration. I was on the waiting list for an inpatient charitable facility for suicide prevention. I was on the phone with the Samaritans daily. I knew I was going to kill myself, but I didn't want to die. Not really. It's a strange one, isn't it? Not wanting to be dead but not wanting to live. Not with the pain I was in. Emotional pain – from nothing specific. Just existence. I could not carry the weight of conscious existence.

And oddly, this isn't unique. As anomalous as it may seem, many people out there feel this exact same way right now. Desperate. Hopeless. Alone.

I never made it to that facility. I couldn't meet one of the requirements – I couldn't stay clean and sober for the two weeks required prior to admittance. Looking back, it seems so obvious. But at the time, I couldn't see the problem. Denial sat thick on the lenses through which I viewed my reality.

Now, the scene is self-evident.

I sat cross-legged on my unmade bed, as I had for as long as I could remember. We call this frozen moment the gift of desperation. The air was heavy with dust and smoke. My shallow breaths wheezed in and out. Closed curtains fluttered between shards of sunlight. Countless bottles of rum and whiskey were strewn across the floor – all empty. Ashtrays potted into my duvet overflowed with cigarette ends. Half-eaten takeaway boxes filled the spaces between bottles. Plates dusted with the residue of white powder sat beneath. In the corner was the crumpled mass of sweated-through bed sheets, moulding away like I was. I'd carved a narrow path through the chaos from bed to door, lined with shattered glass. Days – or weeks – earlier, I had thrown an empty bottle of whiskey at the man in the mirror beside my bed. I hated what I'd become. The mirror didn't break. But the bottle did – splintering like safety glass at the scene of a car crash.

Carefully placed around the room, so as not to fall, were bottles filled with my own urine. I'd been too anxious to leave the room – even to use the toilet. It was the door opposite my bedroom, less than a metre away. In one ashtray was a tooth, resting limp among the ash. I wasn't even surprised when it fell free. I hadn't eaten in days, possibly weeks. I hadn't showered or brushed my teeth in weeks, possibly months. Incarcerated by my own mind, it felt like a lifetime alone in this empty hell.

People often say there is always a basement to rock bottom, that it can always get worse, but I cannot imagine what pain exists beyond that feeling. I do not harbour the breadth of vocabulary required to articulate the depth of pain I was in.

Physically decaying, mentally and emotionally destroyed – this is the gift of desperation.

At the end, I would repeat these words of Dylan Thomas over and over to myself as a mad mantra.

"Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light."

This scene was what remained when the rage was gone, and the light had begun to fade. The chaos in my mind had spilled into my room.

It's hard to describe the trauma of addiction. But this is what it looked like for me as the final curtain drooped above.

It would still be some time before I said the quiet part out loud:

My name is Toby, and I'm an addict.

But that moment would come.

I did not go gentle.

I raged against the flickering light.

And as my bones began to leave,

I said to myself that I would do this one last time –

I will walk the fire again.

My Inner Grove. A shelter in the storm.

"I gather my thoughts and feelings, fleeting as they may be. I learn to sit amongst this forest of emotion. The roots my growth, the branches my longing, the canopy my shelter. It sings into the expanse of all consciousness."

Let yourself arrive here. In this moment. In this grove. Just as you are.

Day 1 – The Grove

"There is a place within you that no storm can reach and no shadow can stray."

You do not have to run from what you feel. There is room for it here; every ache, every confusion, every tender, wordless thing. This grove is not a place you find. It is a place you remember. Beneath your doing, beneath your needing, beneath even your healing - you are already rooted.

Let this be your arrival. Not with answers, but with breath. Not to control the forest but to walk into it with wonder. You are safe here, not because the world has changed but because you are learning to stay.

If you stopped trying to fix yourself today, what might you begin to feel instead?

Day 2 – Stillness

"Life is a gift of moments, given only as they pass."

You don't have to hold it all. You only have to be here for this - the breath in, the breath out, the leaf's sway, the ache in your chest. The grove does not rush, and it does not keep. It welcomes each moment like rain; falling, touching, gone.

Wholeness is not in control - it is in attention. Moments reveal themselves when met with gentleness. You do not need to cling to life to receive it. You need only to be present.

What moment today have you rushed past without really being in it? What would it feel like to return, just for now?

Day 3 – The Moment

"I look behind and toward what's next, but the horizon never moves. Only now remains. And it holds everything."

Time tempts us. With stories of who we were. With visions of who we could become. But presence does not live in memory or imagination - it lives in you. In breath. In heartbeat. In the now.

The grove doesn't measure time. It welcomes you each time as if for the first. You do not need to map the whole woodland. Just keep returning to the ground beneath your feet.

Where is your mind wandering today - backward or forward? And what might be waiting for you in this exact moment?

Day 4 – Awareness

"I am not my masks, my roles, or my wounds. I am the breath between them. I am the witness who endures."

You are not a fixed identity. You are the ongoing experience of awareness itself – the one who sees, who feels, who shifts.

You are not your roles, your thoughts, or your wounds. You are the space they move through. When you sit in the grove, you are not trying to become something. You are remembering what you already are: an unfolding.

To be present is not passive. It is the most sacred participation.

When you let go of who you think you are – who is still there? What do you feel, notice, or become?

Day 5 – Wholeness

"Everything I've seen, every place I've gone, every sound I've heard – I have become. I am a vessel of moments, ever-changing, always becoming, always unfolding."

You are not a blank slate. You are the sky that has held every storm and sunset. The hands that have touched love and absence. The ears that caught laughter and silence.

Nothing has passed through you without shaping you. And that's not something to fear – it's something to honour.

You are a gathered becoming. A walking collection of light, shadow, distance, memory, and breath. To be whole is not to be finished. It is to be ongoingly alive.

What have you taken in – through sight, sound, place, or presence – that still lives in you today? What part of your wholeness does it speak to?

Day 6 – Cycles

"Like the seasons I change, until I must begin again. Life springs from me."

You are not meant to stay the same. Growth is not always forward – sometimes it folds, falls, returns to soil. The grove knows this. It does not mourn winter. It prepares for spring.

There are times you will bloom, and times you will let go. Neither defines you. Both are you. The sacred work is not to resist the cycle – it is to begin again. And again. And again. Your becoming is not linear. But it is alive.

What part of your life feels like winter right now? And what quiet roots might be preparing to rise again?

Day 7 – Shedding

"Only in breaking can I be remade. Only in dying, reborn. I cannot become myself if I was not once other."

The self is not a statue. It is not meant to be preserved – it is meant to be burned and remade. It must break, burn, dissolve – again and again – to release what was never truly you. This is not failure. This is becoming.

To walk into the grove is to shed old names, old roles, old masks. Every layer that falls away brings you closer to the wild truth beneath. The part of you that never needed to be performed. Only remembered.

What version of yourself is asking to fall away? What part of you is quietly waiting to emerge?

Day 8 – Trust

"The darkness had closed so tightly in around me, I could no longer see beyond it – I could not see the way. But sometimes, the first steps must be taken in the dark."

Not all healing begins in clarity. Sometimes it begins in blindness – in choosing to move before you know the way. The grove isn't always lit. Sometimes it's thick with shadow. And still, the roots hold. And still, the path unfolds.

Courage is not walking in the light. It is walking before the light. You don't need to see the whole way forward. You only need to take the next right step.

What step are you being asked to take – even if you're scared, even if it's unclear? What might it mean to move anyway?

Day 9 – Renewal

"The fire within had dampened to an ember – but this was the spark that rekindled the flame to light the way."

You don't need a blaze to begin again. You only need a spark – a moment of honesty, a flicker of willingness, a breath of whispered openness. That ember inside you? It never went out. It waited. Patient. Glowing. There will be days when you forget the way. But some part of you will always remember the way back to fire. When you tend to even the smallest part of yourself, the light returns – not just to warm you, but to guide you forward.

What is the spark you're carrying right now – even if it feels small? What might happen if you gave it a little more air?

Day 10 – Shadow

"The shadows in my mind were not monsters; they were memories of what I hadn't been."

You were never meant to be perfect. You were meant to be whole. The parts you feared were not broken – they were unlived. The voice you quieted. The anger you swallowed. The dreams you deferred. These are not enemies. They are you, waiting. And now, you are listening.

There is no shame in imperfection. There is no shame in choices made or not. There is no shame in your shadowed corners. There is only humanity and truth. To bring the dark into the light is to see that there are no monsters, not now – just memories.

What version of you has been hiding in the dark – not because it's bad, but because it's unfamiliar? What would it take to bring that self into the light?

Day 11 – Wound

"The very things that make me human are the things that hurt the most."

To feel deeply is to live fully – and yet, it is those same depths that so often ache. Love, loss, longing, hope – they stretch us open. This pain is not a flaw. It is the evidence that we are alive, awake, and connected. The tender ache is not something to fear, but something to honour.

There is no shame in feeling feelings. Those emotions which bring us the most pain are what bind us to our humanness. They are the sinew of experience that stretch and strain to show us who we are.

Which of your most human qualities also bring you pain – and how do they shape your strength?

Day 12 – Self-Abandonment

"To abandon myself in order to be loved is the greatest crime of all."

There is no love worth having that requires you to leave yourself behind. No approval, no belonging, no relationship that's worth the cost of your own soul.

We learn, often too young, that pleasing others will keep us safe. But safety bought with self-erasure is just a quiet kind of dying.

To stay with yourself – especially when it feels risky – is the beginning of real love. Not love that shrinks you. Love that roots you.

Where in your life have you abandoned yourself to be accepted? What would it mean to return to yourself today?

Day 13 – Vulnerability

"To strip myself of my vulnerability is to strip myself of my own humanity."

There was a time when I thought vulnerability was a liability – something to suppress or conceal. But I've learned that it is the very essence of being real. To strip it away is to hollow myself, to become something I am not. Vulnerability is not weakness – it is the space where connection, growth, and truth begin.

My vulnerability is the crucible of my capacity to be. It is the window to my existence. It is the captured essence of being.

What part of your vulnerability have you been taught to hide – and what would it mean to reclaim it?

Day 14 – Perspective

"In my heart there is an oasis of love, beside a pool of despair. They are divided only by the mirror of perspective."

To be human is to hold contradiction. Joy beside sorrow. Love beside loss. Hope beside exhaustion.

These are not enemies – they are companions.

Perspective is what sits between them. A mirror that reflects where we stand, how we choose to see. When you shift the angle, despair does not vanish – but love comes back into view. The grove holds both. So can you.

What are you feeling today that seems to contradict itself? What would it mean to honour both, without choosing sides?

Day 15 – Transmutation

"What I thought would burn me away has become the torch I now carry."

Some pain feels like it will destroy you. And maybe parts of you did burn – the masks, the lies, the need to be anything other than yourself.

But here you are. Not gone. Not lost. Glowing.

You don't need to explain your scars. They speak in light. The fact that you're still here is not just survival – it's alchemy.

What once felt like it would destroy you – but instead changed you? What light have you carried from that fire?

Day 16 – Peace

"Peace is not the absence of my pain, but the capacity to sit beside it – and stay."

Peace doesn't mean the pain is gone. It means you've stopped abandoning yourself when it arrives. You've stopped trying to outrun the ache.

You stay. You breathe. You soften. And in that stillness, you become whole – not because the pain is gone, but because you are with it now.

To sit with pain is to learn to grow in it, grow with it.

We often imagine peace as the silence after the storm – but what if peace is learning to sit through the storm without flinching? What pain in your life have you been trying to escape – and what would it mean to sit beside it instead?

Day 17 – Becoming

"All things are always becoming otherwise, and I am all things."

You are not static. You are not final. You are the breath, the burn, the breaking open. You are what changes and what carries change. To become whole is to stop clinging to who you were and surrender to who you are still becoming. You are not a fixed point. You are a living truth.

If you trusted that you could never be separated from your becoming, what would you stop clinging to? And what would you dare to become?

Day 18 – Learning the Light

"I'm alive. I continue to learn how to operate on a heart made from stardust."

Your heart is not a machine. It is a star–burning, shifting, ancient, alive. Some days it glows gently. Others, it flares with feeling so intense you don't know how to hold it. This is not failure. This is your becoming.

You weren't made to be easy to understand. You were made to feel everything–love, grief, wonder, ache–and still remain intact. Still shine. Still learn.

Learning to live with this kind of heart is not about control. It's about care. Softness. Space. It's about trusting that even when you crack open, you are not broken–you are just revealing your light.

What does it mean to live with a heart made of stardust–and how can you better care for that light today?

Day 19 – The Next Step

"There is always a way, no matter how tired, and broken, and empty it feels – all it takes is the next right step. Then the next."

Sometimes the weight is too much to carry all at once. Sometimes healing feels like walking through fog, unsure if the ground will hold beneath your feet. But even when you cannot see the path–you can still take the next step.

It doesn't have to be brave. It doesn't have to be bold. It only has to be true.

There is always a way forward. Not because you feel ready. Not because the pain is gone. But because something inside you still whispers keep going. And that whisper is enough.

When everything feels too heavy, what does your next true step look like? What would it feel like to take it–just one step at a time?

Day 20 – The Right to Joy

"The horrors I have endured. The darkness from which I have emerged. All within my mind. I've earned my right to happiness, and I'll no longer stand in my own way."

You have walked through places no one else has seen. Landscapes of fear, of silence, of unbearable thought–and still, here you are. You've emerged from the dark not untouched, but alive. And that aliveness is hard-earned.

You do not owe the world more suffering. You do not need to keep punishing yourself to prove you've survived. You've done the work. You've faced the shadow. And now, you are allowed to feel light.

Joy is not a betrayal of your pain. It is the birthright you fought to reclaim.

Let it in. Let it live.

What old stories have kept you from accepting your happiness? What would it mean to no longer stand in your own way?

Day 21 – Rhythm

"These emotions are so vast they ripple through the heavens. They dance with God. I no longer fear their rhythm."

There was a time when you may have feared your own depth – when strong emotion felt dangerous, overwhelming, or too much for the world. But what if your feelings were not flaws to be fixed, but forces of nature – sacred, primal, alive?

To feel deeply is to live mythically. It is to be part of something ancient. Grief, longing, rage, love – these are not signs of weakness. They are celestial instruments playing through your body. And you? You are learning how to listen. How to move with their rhythm rather than against it. How to be the dancer, not the storm.

You no longer need to shrink your joy or soften your ache. There is space for all of it in you. And in that space, you begin to remember: your emotions don't make you unstable – they make you divine.

What emotion have you been taught is "too much" or "too big"? What might it feel like to honor that emotion as sacred instead of suppressing it? Describe a moment when your emotions felt overwhelming – what would change if you saw that moment as powerful rather than shameful?

If your emotions were instruments in a divine symphony, what would each be playing? What role do you think you're meant to embody in that dance?

Day 22 – Love Without Conditions

"The cost of love must be the conditions I place on it. It must be free."

So often, we say we love – but what we really mean is: I will love you if… If you stay. If you reflect me. If you don't trigger my wounds. If you love me back in the way I've imagined.

But love, real love, isn't a transaction. It doesn't demand performance. It doesn't tally reciprocity. The cost of love isn't sacrifice – it's the surrender of control. It's the quiet undoing of the conditions we've placed on something meant to be given freely.

To love unconditionally isn't to abandon boundaries or needs – it's to stop measuring worthiness. It's to say: I love because it is in me to love. I love because it is who I am, not what I need from you.

And perhaps most importantly, this truth must turn inward. The same freedom we offer others – we must learn to offer ourselves. Without judgment. Without transaction. Without needing to earn what we already are.

You are worthy of a love that breathes. One that arrives without conditions, and stays without demands.

Where in your life have you tied love to performance or approval and would it look like to release those conditions? What parts of yourself have you struggled to love freely? What makes them feel unworthy – and is that belief still true? Describe a time you offered or received unconditional love. How did it feel in your body, your heart, your sense of self?

Day 23 – Integration

"In breaking, I am becoming. It hurts to blend my soul into a construct of the authentic self."

Becoming yourself isn't soft work. It isn't just healing – it's dismantling, reassembling, choosing which pieces still belong and which ones never truly did. There is pain in this. Even when it's right. Even when it's necessary.

There's a strange grief that comes with authenticity – not because it's false, but because you can feel what you're leaving behind. The roles you played. The voices you borrowed. The armor you wore for so long you forgot it was heavy.

To blend your soul into something called self is to risk distortion – to ask: Can I live this truth? Can I shape something honest enough to hold me? And the answer is never simple. It may hurt. But it is sacred work.

You are not just breaking. You are becoming. You are learning how to carry your own shape – and let it carry you back.

What parts of yourself are breaking or shedding right now? What does it feel like to shape a life that can hold your truth – even when it hurts?

Day 24 – Persona

"Perceived rejection of a performative self – this is the ultimate fury of the ego."

There is a specific kind of pain that comes from being rejected – not for your truth, but for the version of you you thought would be accepted. The curated self. The careful self. The one shaped to please, to fit, to survive.

When that self is dismissed or unchosen, the ego doesn't just ache – it rages. Because it tried so hard. It wore the mask. It did what it thought would keep you safe. And still, it wasn't enough.

This is the ego's fury – not just at others, but at you. For trying. For caring. For daring to shape yourself into something lovable. And it hurts.

But beneath that fury is something softer. A voice not of ego, but of soul. One that says: You don't have to be chosen to be real. You don't have to be accepted to be worthy. You don't have to perform to belong.

Let the fury come. Let it burn through the mask. And let what's left be you.

Have you ever felt rejected not for who you are, but for the version of yourself you tried to be? What would it mean to release that performance and show up as something truer – even if it's raw?

Day 25 – Threshold

"The last strangled cry of a broken self was the last utterance before divine transformation."

There comes a moment – not always loud, not always visible – where the self you've carried begins to fall apart. Not because you've failed, but because you've finished. The mask cracks. The scaffolding collapses. And in its place is silence – raw, vast, unfamiliar.

This is the threshold.

The ego may scream. The inner child may beg. The body may tremble. And still – there is something waiting on the other side. Not ruin, but rebirth. Not shame, but sacred fire.

That last cry – that final aching noise of a self trying to hold on – is not your undoing. It's your becoming.

When the self breaks, something deeper emerges. Not performed. Not polished. But divine.

Let it come. Let it rise.

Have you ever reached a breaking point that felt like the end – but became a beginning? What part of you might be dying now, only so something holy can be born?

Day 26 – Surrender

"As I battle my ego, I surrender to what I must be."

Ego doesn't always shout. Sometimes it whispers. Sometimes it dresses itself as perfection, as control, as the need to be good or strong or certain. It clings to old names, old wounds, old roles – not because it is bad, but because it is afraid.

To battle the ego is not to destroy it. It's to meet it with compassion, and still choose to loosen your grip. To lay down the image of who you thought you needed to be – and trust something deeper to emerge.

Surrender isn't failure. It is the quiet act of letting the real you rise – not the polished self, not the performing self, but the true one beneath. The one who doesn't need to fight to be worthy. The one who already is.

This isn't about giving up. It's about giving in – to what's been calling you all along.

Where in your life are you clinging to control or image? What might it look like to let go – and let your truer self lead?

Day 27 – Echo

"There are echoes of my soul in every place I've been, lingering in the hearts of those I've loved."

Some part of you has always been leaving small pieces behind – in the way you listened, in the way you held someone's hand, in the quiet presence you brought to a room. You may not have noticed at the time. But you were leaving traces – not to be followed, but to be felt.

We often think of impact as something loud, visible, measurable. But soul leaves no footprints. It moves like breath, like song – and it lingers in silence. The places you've walked still hold your shape. The people you've loved still carry your warmth, even if time or distance has changed the form of your bond.

You don't have to be remembered to have mattered. You don't have to be seen now to have been real then. You were there. And you were felt.

Let that be enough. Let it be sacred.

Where in your life do you feel you've left a part of your soul behind – a moment, a place, a person? What would it mean to trust that your presence lingers, even when you're no longer there?

Day 28 – Bloom

"My moment is blossoming and I can smell the purpose seeping from my pores."

There is a point on the path – not always loud, not always certain – where you begin to feel it: something is rising. Not in the world, but in you. A quiet readiness. A warmth just beneath the surface. A knowing that you are no longer waiting – you are becoming.

This is your bloom.

Not because everything is perfect, but because you are no longer shrinking. No longer denying what's been growing inside you all along. You are opening. Expanding. Pouring forth.

Purpose doesn't always arrive with a plan. Sometimes it arrives in sensation – a scent, a swell, a feeling in your chest that says this is mine. Not to prove. Not to perform. But to live.

You don't have to chase it. You are exhaling it. You are made of it.

Let it seep. Let it spill. Let yourself blossom without restraint.

What in you is blooming right now – even if it's subtle, even if it scares you? What would it mean to stop holding it back and let it rise fully into the world?

Day 29 – Arrival

"Not only am I enough. I have walked in pain to grow into providence."

This is not the beginning. This is not the middle. This is the place where you stop, look back, and finally see the path behind you – raw, real, lit by the embers you carried the whole way.

You are not enough because someone said so. You are not enough because you've healed all your wounds or silenced your doubts.

You are enough because you kept walking. Through ache. Through fear. Through the darkness that tried to make you forget.

And what you've grown into is not a polished version of you. It is providence – a life touched by meaning. A self shaped by truth. A quiet knowing that you were never abandoned, even by yourself.

You have returned. Not to who you were. But to who you've always been becoming.

You are home.

Looking back on this journey, what have you reclaimed, remembered, or become? If this grove is your sacred inner place – how will you carry it with you now?

Day 30 – Stillness

"Silence is what this moment deserves. A silence that echoes through the ghosts of the versions of me that died."

Not every ending needs words. Some moments ask only for stillness – the kind that arrives not from absence, but from reverence. The kind that follows the storm, not because the sky has cleared, but because you have.

This silence is not empty. It is echoing. Full of presence, full of memory. Full of the versions of you that no longer breathe, but still shaped your lungs. The ones that kept you safe, even as they fell away. The ones that broke, so you could become.

Let this silence hold them. Let this silence hold you.

No answers. No noise. No reaching. Just the deep, steady truth that you are still here. And everything you've walked through – every ache, every shedding – brought you here.

This moment deserves your quiet. Your breath. Your awe.

What silence are you carrying right now – and what truth does it echo? What part of you has quietly died, and what has it made room for?

Floating Day – Foundations

"This moment arrived and it shook the foundations to show me this was not where my house is to be built. I am meant for more."

Some truths don't arrive quietly. They crash in. They rattle the walls. They knock you off your feet not because you're weak, but because something stronger is trying to rise – something that can no longer live inside the structures you've outgrown.

This isn't punishment. This is clarity.

The moment that shook you wasn't there to destroy your home – it was there to show you it was never yours. The ground beneath you crumbled because you weren't meant to build there. Because you are meant for something more rooted. More real. More you.

And yes – it hurts. Yes – it feels like failure. But listen: the collapse is not the end. It is the permission to begin again. To build on something deeper. Truer.

You are not lost. You are being moved.

What foundation in your life has recently been shaken? What truth is being revealed beneath it – and what might you be ready to build now?

Floating Day – Forged

"I have been forged in fire and fear, and I now command the heat that once tore the flesh from my spirit."

There is a violence to transformation. Not all growth is tender. Not all rebirth is gentle.

Some parts of you had to be scorched – not because you were wrong, but because you were ready to be remade.

Fire once felt like a force outside of you – something that burned without mercy, something that stripped you bare against your will.

Fear once felt like a cage – something that shrank your world, your body, your voice.

But here you are. Not consumed. Not lost. Forged.

You don't just survive the fire – you command it now.

You carry it in your chest, not as destruction, but as power. As knowing. As living, breathing proof that you are more than what tried to break you.

The heat that once tore through you is now the light that leads you forward.

You are not a ruin. You are the forge itself.

What fire have you walked through – and how has it changed you? In what ways have fear and pain forged your inner strength rather than defeated it? How can you begin to see your past not as a wound to hide, but as a flame you command?

Floating Day – Horizon

"It is only in the dark that we truly see how far our light stretches. And mine has no horizon."

We do not discover our strength in the absence of challenge. We discover it in the midnight – in the weight, in the ache, in the moments where we are sure we've come to the end of ourselves.

And then… something glows. Not brightly, perhaps. Not all at once. But enough.

Enough to see the next step. Enough to remember you're still here. Enough to keep going.

That is your light – not the one others see when you're shining, but the one you find when the world goes quiet, and you are left with only your breath and your being.

You didn't know how far it could stretch until it was asked to. But now you do. And it does not end.

It stretches beyond pain. Beyond fear. Beyond every version of you that thought you wouldn't make it.

There is no horizon. Just light. And it's yours.

When in your life have you discovered your strength not in success, but in darkness? What does your "light" feel like – is it a truth, a voice, a resilience, a presence? What part of you believed you would break – and what part of you kept going anyway?

A letter of amends.

Dear Toby,

I would like to make amends for the way that I have treated you.

I have been cruel, unkind, and abusive, and I am sorry for the things I have done to you. I have attempted to kill you, I have physically hurt you, and emotionally abused you. I have destroyed relationships and damaged friendships. I have starved you. I have poisoned you. I have robbed you of opportunities. I have belittled you. I have left you unwashed. I have shamed you. I have convinced you to compromise on your values. I have forced you to do things you didn't want to in order to satisfy others. I have destroyed your confidence and muted your voice. I have told you that you are worthless and told you you should kill yourself - over and over until you tried to. And when you failed I did it all over again. I told you that you should be ashamed of the things that have happened to you, for the things you have done, and for the things you haven't done. I berated you until you could no longer cope and you hid from the world. I have told you that nothing you have done is enough - and I've set standards that cannot be met.

I hope you can forgive me and allow me to seek to repair the harm.

I want to support and give you everything you need to thrive. To give you the platform to be yourself, your authentic self. To amplify your voice. To make you laugh and smile. To protect you. To feed you. To wash you. To let you sleep. To forgive you when you do make mistakes. To champion you and to celebrate your achievements. To guide you when you need my help. To speak up for you when you can't. To encourage you to not compromise on yourself, your values, your needs, or your wants. To make you feel strong and safe. I will always be there and when you are tired I will carry you. Because you deserve it. For everything I have done to you - you deserve all of me now. And you will have that forever, right to the end, when it is easy and when it's hard.

I hope you will allow me to be there for you.

Much love,

Tobes xxx

Psssst

Come with me. I know the way out.

It’s right back through the way we came in.